The Sketch

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LADY WINDERMERE.

Playing the title-rôle in "Lady Windermere's Fan" at the Haymarket DOROTHY HYSON *wears with great charm and dignity the elaborate dresses of Wilde's day. Unaware of her identity, Lady Windermere is foolishly suspicious of her own mother; who however saves her daughter's reputation in the end.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY CECIL BEATON.

MOTLEY NOTES.

By ALAN KEMP.

Told Off. "A subject which demands the most serious attention of the Government is the very *alarming* and *increasing insecurity* of the Railroads. The Queen has repeatedly spoken and written about this, but she thinks that nothing has yet been done by Government which tends to remedy this most *alarming* subject. Legislation is applied to *every possible* subject, but the one *fully as important* as Education, *viz.* the *safety of human life*, seems to be *much less thought of than any other*. In NO country except ours are there so many dreadful accidents, and for the poor people who have to travel constantly by rail, and who cannot even have the comparative security which those who travel in first-class carriages *can* have, to be in perpetual danger of their lives is monstrous. Independent of this, the Queen's OWN family, not to speak of her servants and visitors, are in perpetual danger, and are put to the *most serious inconvenience* by the inexactitude of the trains."

"Elgar, Beethoven, Rimsky-Korsakov . . . they're all the same to me . . . I takes 'em in me stride." [DRAWN BY MASKEE.]

Now and Then. So wrote a lady of very decided opinions to Mr. Gladstone on October 22, 1872. Queen Victoria once told the Archbishop of Canterbury that she "did not recollect to have seen a railway ticket," but she had emphatic opinions about the proper functions of railways. I wonder what sort of letter she would have written nowadays to her Prime Minister about the state of the roads? She would have some justification for saying that "legislation is applied to *every possible* subject," but that the safety of human life is "*much less thought of than any other*." How accurately, too, would she represent the feelings of her loyal subjects when she remarked upon the "*most serious inconvenience* by the inexactitude of the trains"! I fancy that her Majesty would not have listened with great sympathy to the explanation that there was either a war on or a peace on, for she was not in the habit of accepting excuses. You and I, not being regal, have to be more tolerant.

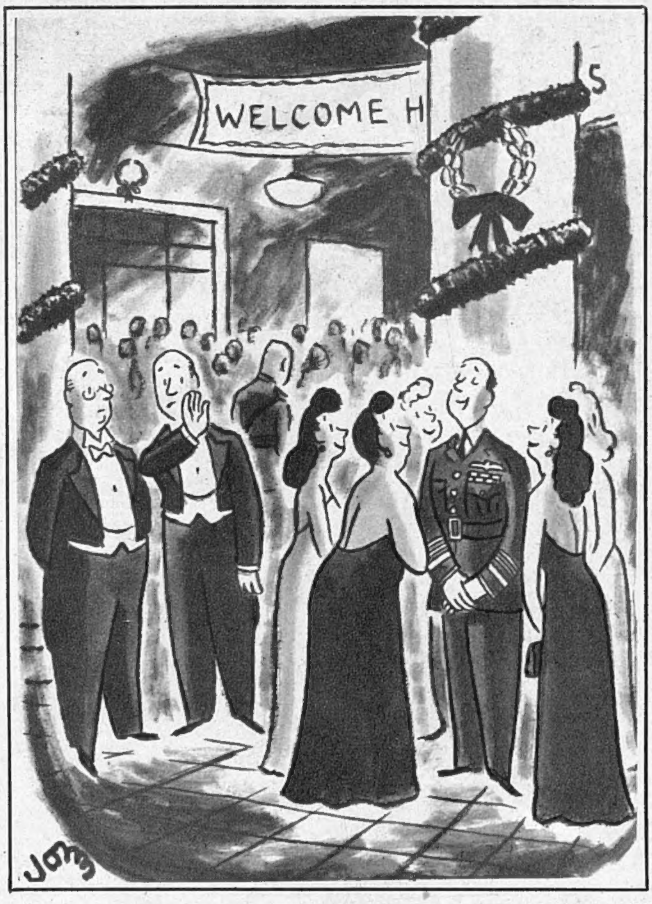
Juggernautics. It is no longer true that "in NO country except ours are there so many dreadful accidents"; on the contrary, we claim, I believe, that we have the best record in the world (we are rather in the habit of claiming that!), and therefore when we have three railway accidents in a week the public feels that the country is going to the dogs and the British Constitution is in danger. It was very different seventy years ago. In 1874 there were no fewer than 34 railway accidents, of which 23 were due to collisions; and it is surprising to learn that only 37 persons were killed and 22 seriously injured. The total was enough to put the Queen into a melancholy mood at the New Year. In 1873, after a bad accident at Wigan, she had addressed to the President of the Board of Trade, Mr. Chichester Fortescue, what can only be described as a royal raspberry. When Mr. Fortescue replied with his "humble duty," it was very humble indeed, and the tone was that of a peccant boy who had just straightened himself, not without effort, from a bending position.

Speed-Hogs.

Mr. Fortescue, however—no connection, so far as I know, with the distinguished citizen Charles Augustus Fortescue, commemorated by Mr. Belloc—adopted a traditional procedure. The raspberry was "passed to you, please"; the strip which had been torn off him was torn off another. The railway companies were told in no uncertain terms that unless they could manage their affairs better and with less carnage of her Majesty's subjects, "legislation might intervene." Thus it will be seen that the threat of nationalisation is not as modern as is commonly supposed. But the railways really needed no President of the Board of Trade to bring it home to them that indiscriminate slaughter did not make them excessively popular either with the public or with the shareholders. The blood-bath was checked, principally by the introduction of the block and interlocking system of signals and points, which was soon made compulsory. But Mr. Fortescue observed to her Majesty that if people wished to be safe, they really must not rush about at such reckless speeds. I do not know what the average speed of trains was in 1873, but I dare say there were some Golden Arrows (or

"Owing to the fuel shortage we expect to sell thousands of these cards—to stick in front of the grates."

DRAWN BY CANE.

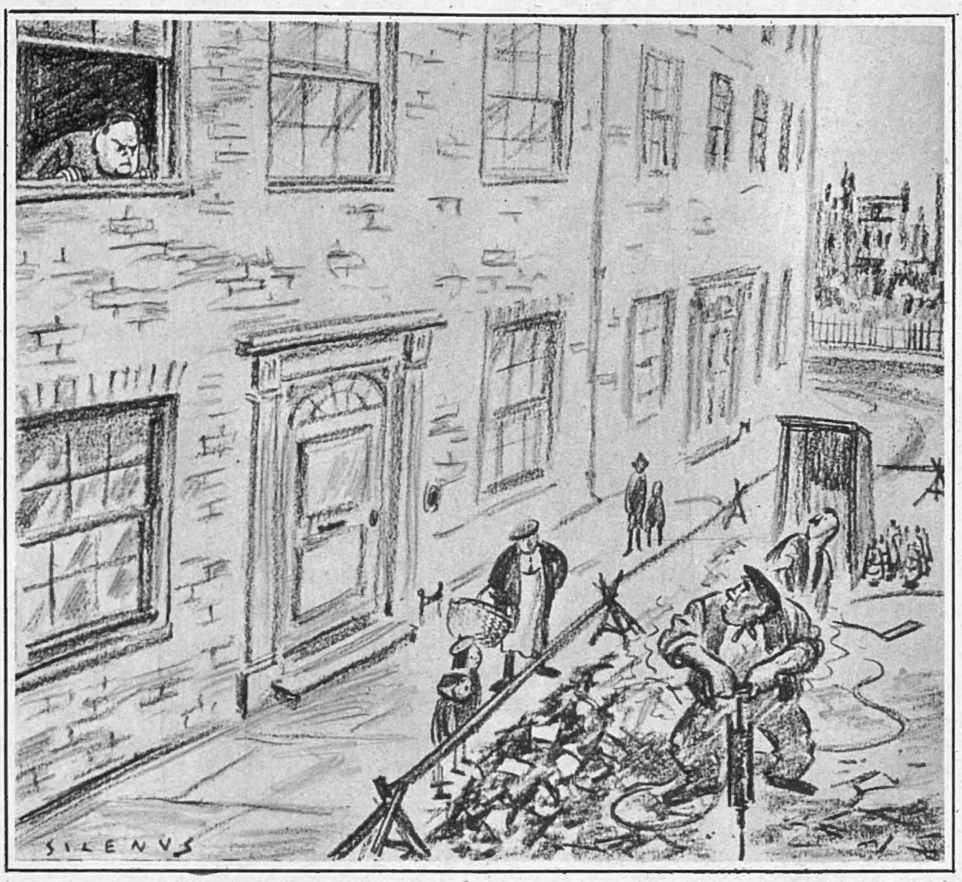


"He used to be my office-boy—I wonder if he'll want his old job back?"

DRAWN BY JOHN.

Puffing Billies) which hurtled through space at fully 30 miles an hour. *O tempora! O mores!*

"That Tile." Without a certain amount of antiquarian research, I cannot say exactly what sort of hats men wore in 1873, though I suspect that they were distinctly peculiar. At a guess, I think the national slogan "Where did you get that hat?" belonged to the Naughty 'Eighties; certainly it was well established in my tenderest years, but I do not remember, if I ever knew, which of the *lions comiques* of the period—and they were many—popularised it. He did his work thoroughly, for there was a time when nobody could put on a hat which was either too new or too old without being asked vociferously, and in chorus, where did he get it and being told that it was "a nobby one, Just in the latest style." There was intense popular interest in headgear at that time, and it continued into a later period, when anybody who favoured the more russet shades was greeted with "I see you 've got your old brown 'at on." I don't know why this particular hue should have excited such public comment—perhaps the reference was to honourable antiquity rather than to æsthetic taste.

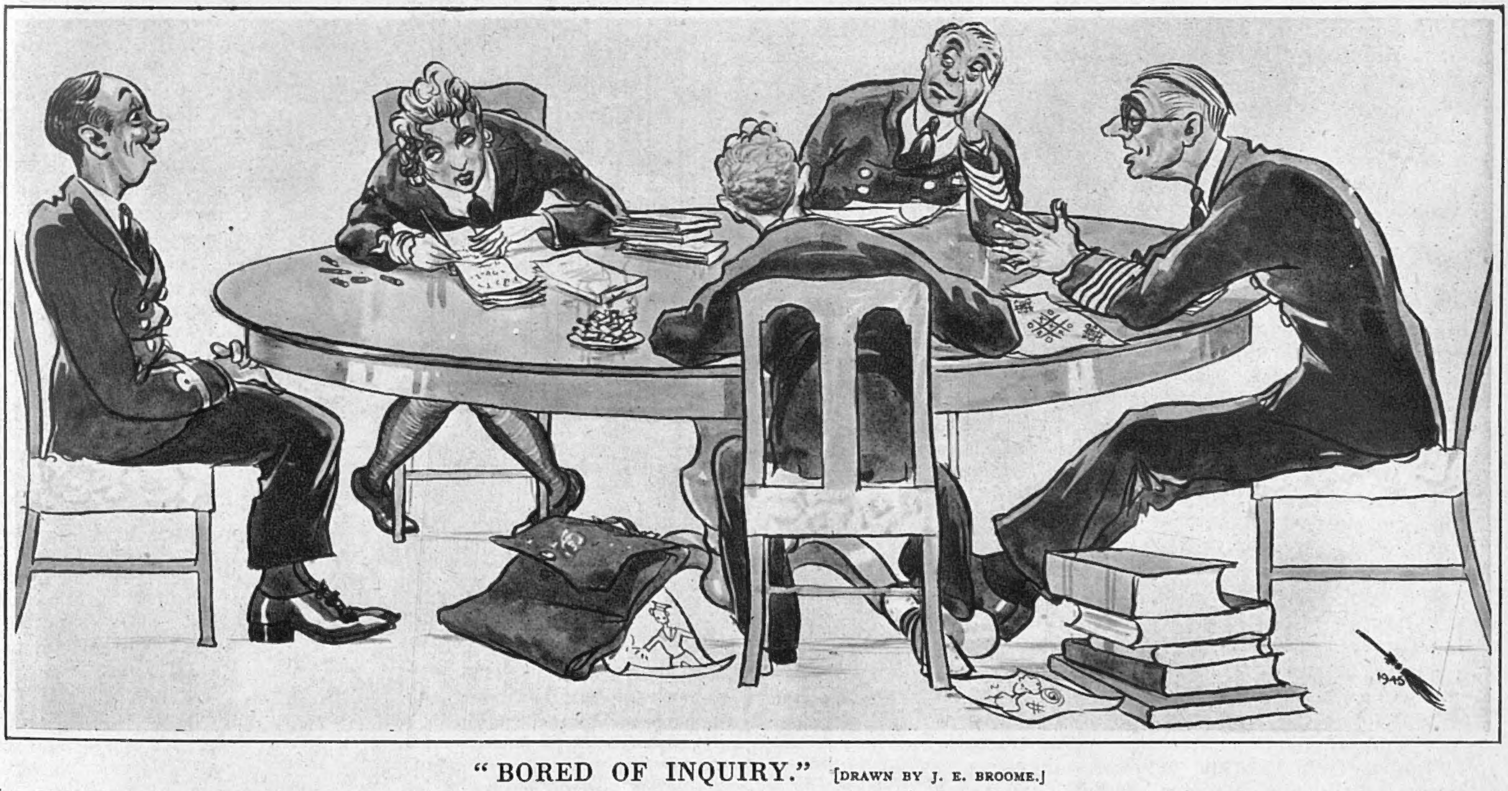


"Will you please do that a little more quietly!"

DRAWN BY SILENUS.

My Hat! These memories come back to me because there has been a good deal of discussion recently about gents' hatwear, and especially the nearly-extinct bowler and its more curious variants. People are asking why hatters, as a class, are supposed to be mad—a mystery which nobody can solve. Now, if the legendary figure had been a Mad Milliner, we could *all* have understood it! The trouble with men's hatters is that they are not mad enough. In former ages they showed a lively imagination, and a man could spend as much time and thought as a woman on choosing a hat. But to-day you have only to look at any type of uniform to realise that almost anything is more picturesque and becoming than our dull civilian headgear. For instance, I should rather fancy myself in the snappy millinery of the Armoured or the Airbornes; but if I were to blossom out in a plum-coloured beret in private life, I should be hounded from society and probably arrested. I resent this dreary uniformity of grey and black felt, and even if I try to brighten things up with a colourful golf-cap, it is adversely commented on in my own domestic circle. Not less but more madness in hatters, say I—even to the length of wearing a fish for a tile, *à la* Picasso! On the other hand, "Where did you get that fish?" doesn't go so well.

[*Continued overleaf.*



"BORED OF INQUIRY." [DRAWN BY J. E. BROOME.]

The one-hundred-and-thirty-third of our SERIES OF PLATES IN FULL COLOUR *published in this issue of "The Sketch" is by* DAVID WRIGHT.

Rare and Refreshing.

If we have little imagination in the matter of hats, we have a great deal in respect of fruit. It is extraordinary how the mind of the nation, throughout the war, has been running on bananas. A popular fruit, no doubt, partly because so neatly packed by nature, partly because it has no pips or core to get rid of, and partly because the skin is so useful for making litter on beauty-spots. Popular, yes—but never, one would have thought, a necessity of existence. Yet here is a parable in forbidden fruits! No sooner are bananas banned than hosts of people, who previously were more than ready to surrender their bananas to the monkeys at the Zoo, develop a mad craving for this tropical product. Well, now there are to be eight million bananas let loose among us—eight million which, if placed end to end, would stretch from Rotherhithe to Kew. *But*—there 's the snag!—they are only for the under-eighteens. This will lead, I fear, to ugly incidents. Vitamin-mad mothers will be seen dashing the bananas from their children's lips. Fathers will be seen at dead of night sneaking into the dining-room, with Tarquin's ravishing stride, towards their intent. We must have more of this rare and refreshing fruit. If the Americans can consume fifteen million doughnuts at the Rainbow Club in four years, surely the British public can despatch twenty million bananas in a week.

"She sez, 'Wot, three-and-six! It 's 'ighway robbery,' she sez!"

DRAWN BY FRANK REYNOLDS.

Wonderful World.

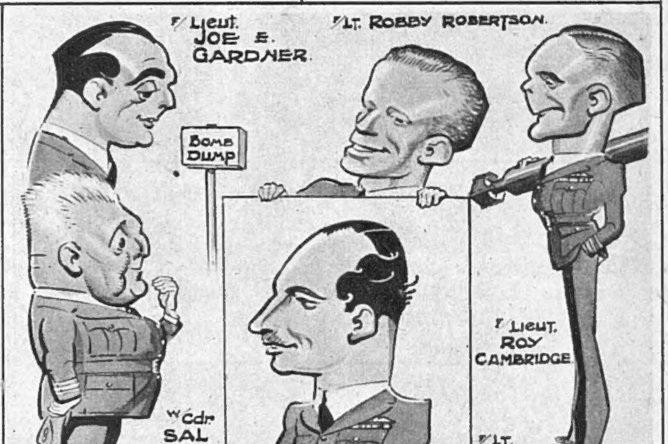
Bananas are only one symptom of the wonderful world we live in. To my mind, one of its most extraordinary recent events has come from Japan. The Mikado has decided to become a mere mortal. This, so far as I am aware, is unprecedented in history. Lots of emperors have been gods—I dare say there were plenty of them even before the Roman emperors decided to deify themselves. If they often behaved in a singularly human manner, so, for that matter, did the gods of Olympus, and their little aberrations did not detract at all from their divine status, about which they were very touchy. Until they forsook their pagan ways, it is difficult to imagine even the most disreputable of them deliberately undeifying himself. Still more difficult to imagine this in Japan, where the divinity of the Emperor has been the keystone of the constitution. But these things happen in our wonderful world. "You can't change human nature," "You can't change the habits of a lifetime," "You can't teach an old dog new tricks"—perhaps we are a little too apt to make things impossible by just saying that they are impossible. That remarkable trainer, the late Ataturk, gave some striking examples of the new tricks which you can teach old dogs

Damned Spots.

Whatever else we can change, however, we cannot alter the behaviour of the universe—at least, I suppose not, though there is no knowing what an atom will do if provoked. Some reform in this matter seems highly desirable. To add to the joys of peace, a leading solar specialist gives us the cheerful intelligence that from now until 1949 every winter will be colder, and every summer will be chillier and wetter, than at any time in recent years. After us, in fact, the deluge. And to what do we owe this blithe prospect? The old trouble—spots on the sun. That unhealthy planet is always breaking out in spots, and the eruptions last for a cycle of eleven years, one of which is now reaching its peak. If it eases your feelings, as you crouch over your coalless fire in July, to cry "Out, out, damned spot!" you will have my whole-hearted sympathy, but I fear it will not improve the climate appreciably. It all goes to show what I have frequently maintained, that this earth was never really meant for human habitation.

Operation Bobby.

We have long taken for granted the efficiency and the gallantry of our police force, but few people realised until recently how good they are at amphibious operations. It is hazardous enough work chasing a gang of suspects at 70 m.p.h., but when the pursued car dashes straight into the Thames, what does a well-trained constable do? Why, he dives in, fishes out the "wanteds" from their watery grave, applies first aid and artificial respiration, makes the arrest and reports back to the station—where, I *hope*, a stiff tot of rum awaits him, but I doubt it. Just a day in a policeman's life! One of the constables was named Wellington—curiously enough, and justly enough, known as The Duke. Another was named Sharp. And the sergeant's name was Drinkwater. There is more than coincidence in names.



The Armament Branch of THE ROYAL AIR FORCE *has seldom had much publicity; possibly during wartime owing to its "top" secret nature. The testing of all grades of explosives, aerial torpedoes, the piercing of steel-plated armour and concrete, the destructive and effective use of our own bombing, formed just a part of their job and now we are able to show the O.C. this special HQ. Command of the R.A.F., Wing Comdr. Elwy Jones, with his staff.* [CARICATURES BY FRED MAY.]

A Load of Mischief.

Another case is reported of a sailor carrying a girl in a train in a kitbag, the motive being partly devotion and partly economy. We all remember Lady Bracknell's remarks about an alliance with a Gladstone bag, and I dare say she would have been rather caustic (as the railway officials were) about an alliance with a kitbag.

Do Uno?

As the Assembly met, did some flippant person remark, "Who 's been at my Uno's?" Quite unnecessary—he cannot have observed the happy expression on *all* their faces.

GO ON SAVING PAPER: IT IS STILL ESSENTIAL.

THE FEMININE SIDE OF THE GREATEST "GET-TOGETHER" PARTY: NOTABLE WOMEN AND GIFTED GIRLS OF U.N.O.

W.V.S. HOSTESSES FOR U.N.O.; MRS. MACLAY, MRS. MARJORIE MACAULEY AND MRS. A. SAINSBURY.

MISS JOAN TWELFTREES, BRITISH UNITED PRESS REPORTER.

MRS. F. D. ROOSEVELT WITH SOVIET DELEGATE M. KUZNETSOV.

SCOTTISH MISS ELIZABETH SPEIRS AND RUSSIAN MISS OLGA BEDAR.

MLLE. MARIA-ANGE LAFOND, VERBATIM REPORTER TO THE CANADIAN DELEGATION.

MRS. BEDIL BERGTRUP, OF THE DANISH DELEGATION.

MME. TABOUIS, FAMOUS FRENCH JOURNALIST, WITH YUGO-SLAV M. STANOJE SIMIC.

BARONESS DE GAIFFER, CHINESE-BORN BELGIAN DELEGATE.

MLLE. MARIE-ROSE VAN LANGENOVE, ONE OF THE YOUNGEST AT THE ASSEMBLY.

CANADIAN-BRITISH-U.S.A. CONFERENCE; MRS. A. DREW, MRS. E. G. FOOTE AND MRS. M. WHELDON.

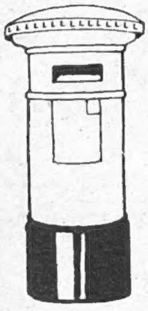
MISS CASSIE CONNOR, SECRETARY TO U.S. SECRETARY OF STATE MR. BYRNES.

DOMINICAN DELEGATE SEÑORITA MINERVA BERNARDINE.

The feminine side of the United Nations Organisation—the greatest "get-together" party in the history of the globe—includes not only world-famous women such as Mme. Geneviève Tabouis, the French journalist whose pre-war political prophecies were so remarkably accurate; Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, widow of the great American leader; and Señorita Minerva Bernardine, one of the four women signatories of the United Nations Charter in San Francisco, but also a host of skilled translators, secretaries, shorthand typists, verbatim reporters, and others, each expert at her own special job. On this page we give snapshots of a few of these U.N.O. feminine officials, together with the three W.V.S. members chosen to organise hospitality for our U.N.O. visitors and to make their spare time as agreeable as possible. Mlle. van Langenove, one of the youngest at the Assembly, is the daughter of Belgium's No. 2 delegate, the Permanent Secretary at the Brussels Foreign Office. She graduated at the London School of Economics in Cambridge, and has been working at the Belgian Embassy in London for some months. Her Conference duties are connected with public relations. Miss Elizabeth Speirs, from Scotland, is in the Languages Section.

Please forward

By JOYCE DENNYS.



MY DEAR ROBERT—The Amateur Dramatic Society is reviving "Love's Bliss," the play where I have to kiss Mr. Savernack three times. As soon as Mr. Savernack heard the news he came rushing round to our house with a hunted expression on his face.

"You 've heard the news, I suppose?" he said, eyeing me with unconcealed dislike. That is one of the sad things about having to do this play again. Mr. Savernack, a mild and kind man, is usually my friend, but last time we did it he took an unaccountable dislike to me, and it was months before I could coax him back on to the old friendly footing.

"Yes," I said sadly.

"What did you say?"

"The Conductor rang off before I had time to say anything."

"They didn't even ask me," said Mr. Savernack, his eyes flashing; "they just sent round a note saying they were reviving 'Love's Bliss,' and the first rehearsal was to-night at seven-thirty. Ghastly time! Just when I want to sit down to my dinner."

"We must say we can't do it, Mr. Savernack."

"Yes, we must stick together over this thing, Henrietta, otherwise we are lost," said Mr. Savernack, rather as though we had collaborated in some dreadful crime and were in danger of being found out.

Mr. Savernack and I arrived early at the Hall that evening prepared to do battle. There was nobody there. Mr. Savernack, looking white and strained, paced up and down, muttering. After a little time the Conductor and Faith arrived, followed soon afterwards by Lady B., Mrs. Whinebite, and some more members of the cast.

"'Please, please, Henrietta!'"

"Look here," said Mr. Savernack loudly, "Henrietta and I don't want to do this play."

The members of the Committee opened their eyes very wide, pretending to be surprised. "Why ever not?" they said.

"For many reasons," said Mr. Savernack; "but the fact that we don't want to ought to be enough. After all, this is a free country."

"Oh yeah?" said Lady B., rather vulgarly, I thought.

"When one lives in a small place one has certain duties towards the Community," said Mrs. Whinebite.

"One also has a Wife," said Mr. Savernack darkly.

"But she can't possibly mind you kissing Henrietta . . . not *Henrietta*," said Faith. "And why not?" I said, nettled by the assumption that I was as harmless as all that.

"Well, she does mind," said Mr. Savernack, "and so do I, as a matter of fact. I don't want to be rude, Henrietta, but it practically killed me last time." "Couldn't we leave out the Kissing Bits?" I said, but without much hope, because, of course, I know as well as anybody else that the Kissing Bits are the bits the audience enjoys most.

"Don't be silly, Henrietta," said the Conductor, "the whole play hinges on the Kiss at the end of Act Two."

"Well, we 're not going to do it again, are we, Henrietta?" said Mr. Savernack.

"No," I said.

"It 's for the British Legion," said Lady B., in a small voice.

"Damn the British Legion!" said Mr. Savernack, who is one of its staunchest supporters. "Surely there are other plays?" I said.

"There isn't time to do a new one; we 've only got a month," said the Conductor. "Then for God's sake have a Jumble Sale," shouted Mr. Savernack, now quite beside himself.

At this moment the Male and Female Juvenile Leads came in. They are both just out of the Forces and have been going about a good deal together. Everybody suspects and longs for an engagement, but the Female Juvenile Lead has a doting and determined Father who has made up his mind that nothing short of a peerage is good enough for his girl, and the Male J.L., alas, is only just beginning to be a Solicitor. They came into the Hall hand in hand, and happiness wafted in with them like warm air. "Oh!" cried the Female J.L., "isn't this *heavenly!*" "Henrietta and Mr. Savernack don't want to do it," said the Conductor, in a flat sort of voice.

"Don't want to do it?" cried the Male and Female J.L.s in one breath.

"They don't like the Kissing Bits," said Lady B.

"Don't like Kissing?" cried the Male and Female J.L.s, and they turned and looked at each other with their mouths open.

"That 's not true," I said. "I 'm very fond of kissing, but I don't like doing it in public."

"I don't like it at all," said Mr. Savernack; "never have."

The Female J.L. flung her arms round my neck. "Please, please, Henrietta!" she cried. "It 's my only chance of seeing Peter. Oh, *please!*"

I looked at Mr. Savernack and Mr. Savernack looked at me, and we both sighed. "Good!" said the Conductor. "We 'll begin at the middle of Act Two, page forty-three; that bit where Mildred and Anthony are on the sofa. It was rotten last time. Henrietta, you kept drawing yourself away as though Anthony had a cold."

"Hand in hand."

"I had," said Mr. Savernack, "a very heavy one, and I 'll probably get another this time."

"Go on, go on," said the Conductor impatiently. "'I love you; I have always loved you'—get on with it."

"I love you; I have always loved you," said Mr. Savernack, and I saw the look of cold dislike, which I had grown to dread last time we did "Love's Bliss," come into his face.

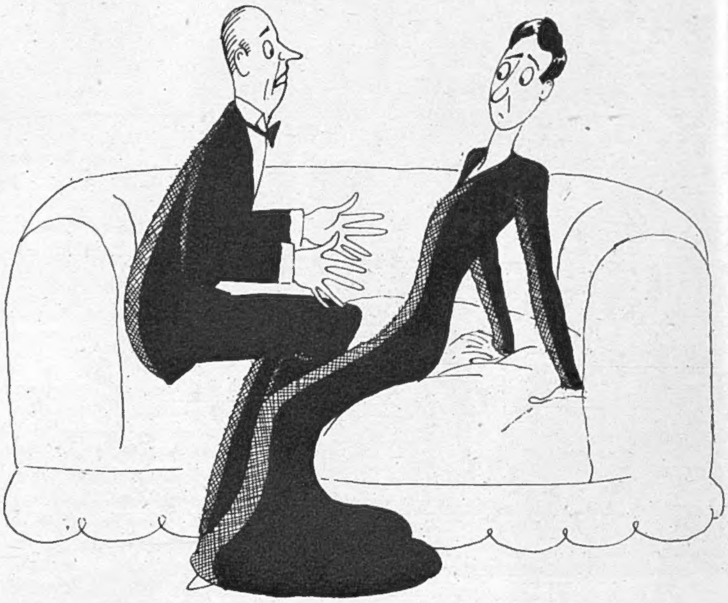
"It says 'She melts into his arms.' Can't you melt a bit better than that, Henrietta?" said the Conductor, and the Male and Female J.L.s melted into each other's arms just to show how easy it was.

"Now try again," said the Conductor. "Go on, Anthony, 'I love you; I have always loved you——'"

The audience wet its lips and drew its chairs a few inches forward.

So there we are, Robert, off again on the Amateur Dramatics. I often wonder whether the professional actors and actresses have any idea of the difficulties under which the poor amateurs labour. Never getting on to the stage until the dress rehearsal; only rehearsing at night, when everybody has done a hard day's work and is dead tired; two tiny dressing-rooms, one for ladies and one for gentlemen, with no heating, bad lighting, and with one small mirror in each; people who can't come to rehearsals; the wrong-shaped stage, with a cinema screen occupying most of the space; an unreliable curtain; an extremely touchy audience which dislikes any mention of Colonels, Admirals, Clergymen, Socialism, Sex, Domestic Servants, or Murder, and which claps with its gloves on; and, worst of all, the fact that the actors and actresses are never, for one moment, allowed to be the characters they are trying to portray, so that when we do "Love's Bliss," even if Mr. Savernack and I act like John Gielgud and Edith Evans, which is extremely unlikely, the audience will still say, "Look at Henrietta kissing Mr. Savernack!"

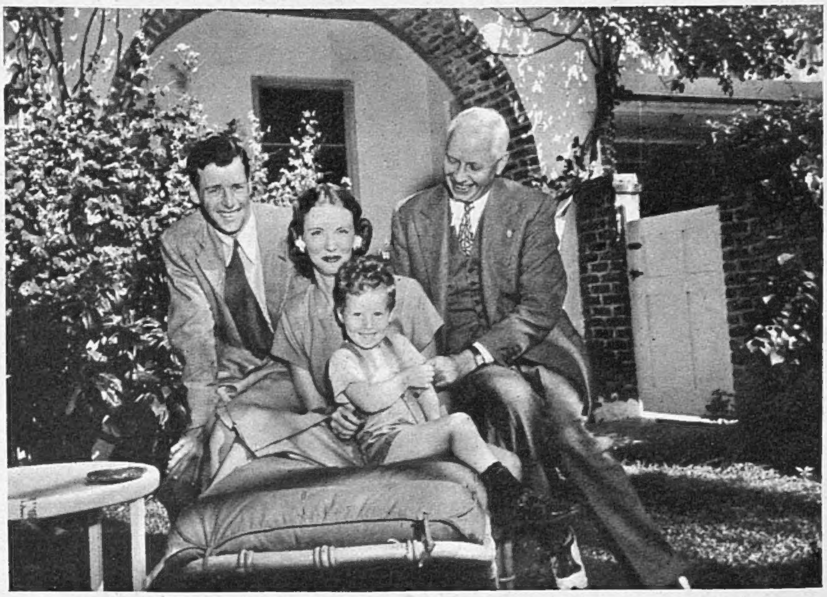
Always your affectionate Childhood's Friend, HENRIETTA.



"As though Anthony had a cold."

HAND-PICKED NEWS PICTURES OF NOTABLES.

PRINCE RICHARD and PRINCE WILLIAM OF GLOUCESTER *were held up by their nurses to wave good-bye to the mainland when they left Australia in the battleship " King George V. " for a holiday in Tasmania with their parents.*



COLONEL FRANK W. CLARKE *will act as host to Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill during their stay at Miami Beach, Fla. In this snapshot he is posed with his son,* CAPTAIN WILLIAM F. CLARKE, *who was a p.o.w. in Jap hands for four years,* MRS. W. F. CLARKE, *and* FRANK W. CLARKE, JUNR.

LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR OLIVER LEESE, *famous Army commander (hatless; centre), went to the Army School of Education and learnt how to prune fruit trees, from* MAJOR W. E. SHEWELL COOPER. *Other students are* MAJOR-GENERAL W. O. OZANNE *(light coat) and* COLONEL W. BOOTH *(with pipe).*

The marriage of MISS STELLA CARCANO, *daughter of the Argentine Ambassador and Mme. Carcano, to* CAPT. VISCOUNT EDNAM, *10th Royal Hussars, eldest son of the Earl of Dudley, took place at the Oratory, Brompton.*

Left: JULIAN GEORGE WINSTON SANDYS, *son of Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Sandys, was determined to see the last of his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill, when they left for the U.S.A., and could not tear himself away from the door while their car remained in view.*

Right: The marriage of MLLE. ELIZABETH DE GAULLE, *elder daughter of* GENERAL DE GAULLE, *to Squadron Leader Alain de Boissieu, was solemnised in the Chapel of the Convent of Our Lady of Zion in Paris. Our photograph shows the General arriving at the chapel with the bride.*

Christening party at Cardney, Dunkeld: In front (l. to r.) Aulin Baird, Mrs. Macgregor of Cardney, Ceanan Baird, Mrs. Dochie Macgregor and baby Randal Bruce Alistair, Renalda Baird, Mrs. Findamus Macgregor, Alpin Macgregor and Hildred Carlisle; and (back row) W/Cdr. G. Briggs, D.F.C., the Hon. Mrs. Greville Baird, Lieut. Gregor Macgregor, Scots Guards, Mrs. MacGruder, M.B.E., Mr. Macgregor of Cardney, the Rev. Canon Vallings, Lieut. Findamus Macgregor, R.N.V.R., Mrs. Michael Lyle, Lady Macgregor of Macgregor and Miss Anna Gylla Macgregor.

MISS JUNE CECILIA KEPPEL, *eldest daughter of the late Lieut.-Colonel Arnold Keppel, is engaged to Captain E. Loyd, Coldstream Guards, eldest son of Mr. W. and the Hon. Mrs. Loyd.*

SOCIAL ACTIVITIES AND HIGH ENDEAVOUR:

Export trade—the life-blood of the country—is beginning to flow again. Here's a HINDUSTAN 10, *new model marketed in India by the Nuffield Organisation, posed in front of the Victoria Memorial, Calcutta.*

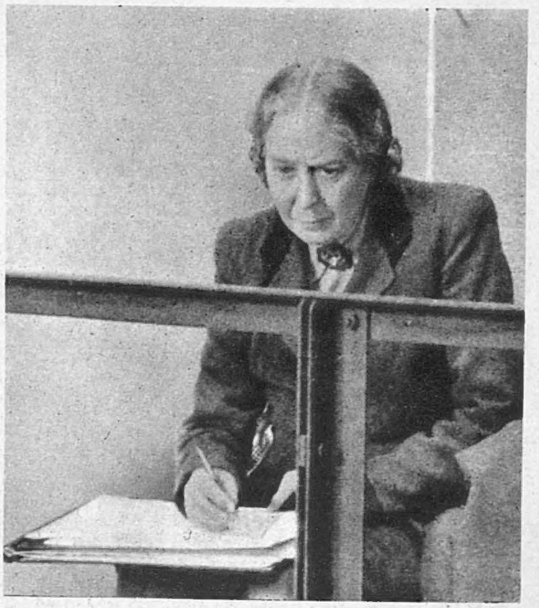
GROUP CAPTAIN HARRY ("HAPPY") *for his amazing escape organisation fo courage and encouragement to hi at home. His W.A.A.F. daughte*

"Star Girl No. 1," MISS MARY GUTHRIE *(r.), displaying the pineapples she brought from South America in "Star Light" to "Star Girl No. 2,"* MISS RITA BAINES, *who is making the flight in "Star Dust."*

The marriage of MAJOR GUY L. Y. RADCLIFFE, K.S.L.I., *only son of Dr. Radcliffe, Fellow and Bursar of New College, Oxford, to* JUN. COMM. ANNE MARIGOLD LEYLAND, A.T.S., *younger daughter of Capt. C. D. Leyland, took place at the Grosvenor Chapel.*

3RD OFF. NADINE PILCHER, W.R.N.S., *daughter of Vice-Admiral C. H. Pilcher, is engaged to Capt. the Hon. G. C. Lampson, son and heir of Lord Killearn.*

MISS PATRICIA WEBB, *elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Webb, is engaged to Mr. Charles Matthew Bullard, eldest son of Sir Reader Bullard, K.C.B., H.M. Embassy, Teheran.*



DAME LAURA KNIGHT, R.A., *the celebrated British painter, recently arrived in Nuremberg to make sketches of the trial of war criminals. She is at work in a balcony of the court-room during a session.*

HAPPY DAYS, FINE WORK AND GREAT REWARDS.

AY, *awarded the D.S.O. and O.B.E.*
.o.w.s in Germany, and his unfailing
ellow-prisoners, is delighted to relax
ACQUELINE *also radiates contentment.*

Twenty-five-year-old JACQUELINE CROMIE *is probably the youngest Englishwoman to be made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honour and to receive the Croix de Guerre with Palm. A lieutenant in the Women's Section of the Fighting French Army, she was wounded and taken prisoner, then liberated and returned to duty. Pending demobilisation she works in uniform in the office of her architect-father.*

he marriage of CAPT. C. JANSON, *son of Mr. W. Janson, to* MISS ELIZABETH LEVESON-GOWER, *nly child of the late Lord Alistair Leveson-Gower, and heiress-presumptive to the barony of trathnaver and Earldom of Sutherland, took place at St. Margaret's, Westminster.*

MISS LAVINIA LASCELLES, *elder daughter of Sir Alan and the Hon. Lady Lascelles, is engaged to* MAJOR EDWARD W. RENTON, *the Black Watch, son of the late Mr. David Renton and of Mrs. Renton.*

STAGE CAMEOS.

By JOHN RUSSELL.

MEMORY has been shaken like a tree in blossom by the announcement that opera and ballet will before long be seen at their natural home in Covent Garden. This much-loved building, for so long misused as a dance-hall, will thus precede by a few weeks its partner in revival, the Scala at Milan. A great French novelist, who was also a great lover of the theatre, once said that for him the Scala was the happiest place in the world, and the one in which life was most vivid and rewarding. The gold and scarlet hoop of Covent Garden, surmounted by the steep hillock of its gallery, must take a similar precedence in the hearts of English theatregoers. Some of the pleasures which Stendhal valued so highly at Milan are admittedly lacking in London. It is not usual, at Covent Garden, to draw the curtains of one's box during tedious passages of the opera ; melons and white wine do not revive the audience as, exhausted by flirtation or a prolonged game of cards, they turn indulgent eyes towards the fifteenth *reprise* of a favourite aria. Our pleasures are more formal—those, for instance, of conversation or of goggling silence in the vast conservatory which serves for buffet in the intervals; or of watching how, as the lights go down, the durable gilt of the auditorium stands out among the acres of plush (themselves dimmed, in the near-darkness, to the colour of cherry-brandy). The mere situation of Covent Garden is delightful ; how much would be lost if it were pulled down, as has been suggested, and a new building erected on a more accessible site ! Veteran opera-goers value the cool and quiet of the streets round Covent Garden where, on a spring evening, fruit and flowers give off a scent no less enticing than that of the rose-garden at Glyndebourne. Delightful, too, to stroll past the foyer on an April morning and overhear an orchestral rehearsal in progress—one's first glimpse, perhaps, of the waltz motifs from "Rosenkavalier." The successful mounting of a big opera is surely one of the most elaborate operations ever devised by man ; and sometimes through a hatch or side-window, open for the heat, one could peer up to where, at a great height, mysterious ropes and pulleys govern the appearance of the Valkyries and bring down the curtain upon the last moments of Othello. Seasons of Russian ballet brought new sights — Toumanova, the black pearl, slipping along Inigo Jones's piazza ; the curious figure of Colonel de Basil, embodying in his own gait the stiffness so miraculously absent from his productions ; and the *café-au-lait* roadsters of his *premiers danseurs*, edging their way through the gallery queue.

The Covent Garden Opera Trust has wisely not ventured to challenge immediately the highest achievements of earlier years. Pleasures of a new kind are in store. In place of the electric and quarrelsome troupes of Massine or de Basil, we are to see our own favourite ballet which, too long exiled from Sadler's Wells, is now promoted to a grander home. The small stage and smaller orchestral pit of the New Theatre will no longer hamper Mr. Ashton's invention and muffle the scores which Mr. Bliss and Mr. Walton have composed for our native ballet. Best of all, Miss Margot Fonteyn will at last have the stimulus which a great theatre alone can give, and the knowledge that her exquisite and glacial Swan-Queen will be given the final seal which its accomplishment has long deserved.

This year's "Peter Pan" (Scala) is CELIA LIPTON, *an elfin Peter who trips about the stage light-footed, imparting to the character a spirit wholly in keeping with J. M. Barrie's fantasy. Her rendering of the part is said to be the best ever seen in a London theatre.*

RONALD SHINER *plays Porter, arch-wangler airman of E. L. Delderfield's farcical comedy "Worm's Eye View" (Whitehall). He has an unlimited supply of black market stuff for his friends, and here he is offering maid Thelma* (LORRAINE CLEWES) *stockings, food, anything she wants.*

The cameraman caught SARA GREGORY *making-up for her part of Cinderella in "The Glass Slipper" at the St. James's before the astonished eyes of her son Barry. The photograph of her husband, Major Richard Stone, M.C., is on the dressing-table.*

French opera is absurdly little known in England and, if it can be successfully negotiated, the visit of Parisian companies should give a new source of excitement to audiences which for years have given their vote to third-rate performances of Mascagni, Humperdinck and Leoncavallo. The all-weather style of such operas as "Madame Butterfly" makes it hardly possible to perform them without effect ; but the operas of Lalo, Dukas and Ravel which we are promised require fine qualities — an authority of style, for instance, which cannot be picked up in a week's rehearsals—which our visitors may be relied upon to bring with them. For German and Italian opera we shall have to wait (not too long, one hopes) until the performances which it is now possible to enjoy in Rome, Vienna and New York can be reproduced in London.

In the spoken theatre, there are many signs that the tyranny of the long run (and also of the commercial management) may soon be broken by the initiative of some of our best actors. Mr. John Clements, whose long rustication at Palmer's Green was followed by a burst of film success, is nobly reviving, with that superlatively good comedy actress Miss Kay Hammond, Dryden's "Marriage à la Mode"—the first of a series of plays in repertory. The stage of the Winter Garden, recently occupied by the post-war marital adjustments of "The Young Mrs. Barrington," resounds instead to the Norwegian moral of Ibsen's "Doll's House," in which Miss Angela Baddeley for once has a play worthy of her. At the end of this month Mr. Clifford Bax, who recently abused that fine body of men, the London dramatic critics, for not sufficiently admiring his work, will give them a chance to repent when his new play (about Mary Queen of Scots) is produced at the Westminster. Bristol theatregoers, meanwhile, have the prospect of a continual feast as soon as their Theatre Royal is reopened, with Mr. William Devlin and Miss Pamela Brown to lead the company and Mr. Hugh Hunt to produce.

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE: OLD VIC THEATRE COMPANY SEASON OF REPERTORY (New). "BLITHE SPIRIT" (Duchess). "ARSENIC AND OLD LACE" (Strand). "HAPPY AND GLORIOUS" (Palladium). "PRIVATE LIVES" (Apollo). "WHILE THE SUN SHINES" (Globe). "THE FIRST GENTLEMAN" (Savoy). "GAY ROSALINDA" (Palace). "SWEETER AND LOWER" (Ambassadors). "SIGH NO MORE" (Piccadilly). "ME AND MY GIRL" (Victoria Palace). "THE RIVALS" (Criterion). "UNDER THE COUNTER" (Phœnix).

PLAYS WELL WORTH SEEING: "THE YEARS BETWEEN" (Wyndham's). "LADY WINDERMERE'S FAN" (Haymarket). "FOR CRYING OUT LOUD" (Stoll). "PERCHANCE TO DREAM" (Hippodrome). "THE NIGHT AND THE MUSIC" (Coliseum). "THE HASTY HEART" (Aldwych). "BIG BOY" (Saville). "NO MEDALS" (Vaudeville). "DUET FOR TWO HANDS" (Lyric). "LADY FROM EDINBURGH" (Playhouse). "SEE HOW THEY RUN" (Comedy). "MADAME LOUISE" (Garrick). "THE SHOP AT SLY CORNER" (St. Martin's). "IS YOUR HONEYMOON REALLY NECESSARY?" (Duke of York's). "FOLLOW THE GIRLS" (His Majesty's). "MERRIE ENGLAND" (Princes). "FINE FEATHERS" (Prince of Wales). OPERA SEASON (Sadler's Wells). "WORM'S EYE VIEW" (Whitehall).

PANTOMIMES: "CINDERELLA" (Adelphi). "ALADDIN" (Cambridge). "PETER PAN" (Scala). "THE GLASS SLIPPER" (St. James's).

While every endeavour is made to keep this list up to date, we cannot hold ourselves responsible for any errors which may occur.

CINEMA CAMEOS.

By C. A. LEJEUNE.

THE programme of "THE BANDIT OF SHERWOOD FOREST" (Gaumont and Marble Arch) carries a comprehensive disclaimer, "The characters and incidents portrayed and the names used herein are fictitious and any similarity to the name, character or history of any person is entirely accidental and unintentional." Did I say comprehensive? I erred. Not quite comprehensive. The ideal, foolproof, action-proof, storm-proof, don-proof, correspondence-in-*The-Times*-proof disclaimer is probably the one used on the programme of Hollywood's "Marie Antoinette," where the phrase about accidental similarity of character to any person was followed by the remarkable qualification, "living or dead."

Still, this disclaimer should be sufficient to prepare you for the sort of goings-on you are likely to encounter in the mediæval England of "The Bandit of Sherwood Forest." Politically, the situation appears to be this. The wicked William, Earl of Pembroke (whom tiresome pedants will insist on telling you was a loyal servant of three kings, and of whom the *Encyclopædia Britannica* declares, "Self-restraint and compromise were the keynotes of his policy"); the wicked Earl of Pembroke, I repeat, is Regent to the boy-king Henry III., a youth with an unbecoming wig and a pronounced American accent. It is the Regent's whim, being an Earl, and wicked, to "withdraw Magna Charta"; to separate the young King from his mother, lock him up in the guard tower of Nottingham Castle, push him over the battlements at midnight, and himself assume the crown of England. In this dastardly scheme he is foiled by Robin Hood, now retired from active banditry, and living on his family estates of Huntingdon. For Robin, after getting rather preachy about democracy in a council of nobles, puts on his working clothes, canters off to Sherwood Forest, utters the hoot of a night-owl, and summons his old band to join him. Little John, Friar Tuck, Alan-a-Dale and Will Scarlett are a trifle grizzled, but the rest seem not a day older after twenty years.

Any British heart must throb with pride to see these lusty bowmen, properly mounted now, and dressed in conspicuous Technicolor, galloping unchecked through the rocky canyons and wooded lawns of park-like Sherwood. Here they are joined by (1) Robin Hood's son Robert (Cornel Wilde), a cowboy who has been operating somewhere in the north; and by (2) a couple of mysterious ladies, heavily veiled. Robert, an observant youth, takes one look at the permed gold hair, the gleaming lipstick, the varnished nails, the plucked eyebrows, the mascara'd lashes and the zipped dress of the younger of the two (Anita Louise), and remarks astutely, "They're dressed as scullery-maids, but I know they're not." Hurrah for Robert! They are, in very fact, the Queen of England and her favourite lady-in-waiting.

I shall not spoil the palpitating excitement of this drama by telling you how Robert and the lady-in-waiting, first disguised as the Prioress of Buxton, with her red lips gleaming coyly in the moonlight, and later in a fetching sports outfit, make their way into Nottingham Castle, rescue the young King, and are themselves saved in the nick of time by Robin Hood and his outlaws. I shall not tell you how the wicked William, Earl of Pembroke (Henry Daniell), is reft away from his dainty supper of oranges and imported apples, and dies in the full flush of his sins, fighting in a particularly dirty way in a duel. Let me simply end with the felicitous phrase of the young King, as he summons Robert and the lady-in-waiting before him. "I command you to be married," he cries, "and spend your honeymoon at Sutherland Castle!" Whereupon he strikes the son of Robin Hood on the shoulder with his sword and dubs him Oirl.

"To-morrow is Forever" (Odeon, Leicester Square) stars ORSON WELLES *as John Macdonald, wounded soldier listed "missing" in 1918. Rather than return home crippled to his wife, who expects a baby, he changes his name, remains abroad; adopts Margaret* (NATALIE WOOD).

"ANCHORS AWEIGH" (Empire) begins and ends with massed bands, conducted with a friendly wink and a furious energy by Jose Iturbi. During the first massed-band session Gene Kelly and Frank Sinatra are awarded Silver Stars for gallantry in action. During the second, Kathryn Grayson is appointed official songstress to the Navy. Between the two, the story peaks, pines, dwindles and puffs along again for two and a quarter hours.

Mr. Kelly and Mr. Sinatra are seamen-gunners. After having been decorated by a kindly Admiral, they are given shore-leave in Hollywood. Naturally, their sole aim is to "date" a girl. Since Mr. Sinatra is shy about such things, Mr. Kelly, who apparently isn't, agrees to do the dating for him. The girl they select, Miss Grayson, is an extra in the Metro-Goldwyn studios. Her ambition, it seems, is to get an audition with Mr. Iturbi, the big musical boss around the place. Mr. Sinatra and Mr. Kelly, now deep in love on his own account, undertake to fix the introduction. And now note a curious circumstance. Although they have received their Silver Stars twenty-four hours earlier, directly under the beaming glance of Mr. Iturbi, the boys do not recognise the Maestro, nor does the Maestro recall the boys. After various abortive attempts to get into the studios, and an unsuccessful try at waylaying Mr. Iturbi as he plays in the Hollywood Bowl with eighteen pianos, the ardent sailors have to admit failure, and sheer luck in the end gets Miss Grayson her audition.

The best moments of the film are those in which the plot is thrown overboard, and Gene Kelly dances. He has technique and talent; and the dances he has arranged for himself in "Anchors Aweigh," especially a number in which he dances with cartoon animals, are both ingenious and gay. All in all, I fancy, he comes out as rather too strong a figure for his starring companion, Frank Sinatra, whose rôle is dim, and who goes through the picture in an apologetic kind of way, diffidently crooning a handful of undistinguished trifles.

"THIS LOVE OF OURS" (New Gallery) is pure "East Lynne," and I quite expect it to share the popularity of that affecting and ingenuous work. The story revolves around a motherless little girl, Suzanne (Sue England). She lives with her doctor-father (Charles Korvin) in an Ideal Home (Tudor style) in America. Every day she takes flowers to a private chapel in the garden, where the words "In Memory of My Mother" are enscrolled on a stained-glass window. One terrible day her father brings home a new bride, Florence (Merle Oberon), who, contrary to all precedent for stepmothers, approaches Suzanne with the most tender advances. The child is suspicious and unco-operative. From a newspaper article she has learnt that this Florence is a café entertainer, who has been saved by the doctor from committing suicide. What she does not discover until the end, the tearful, long-drawn-out end of the picture, is that this unwanted stranger, whose eyes fill with tears when she looks at her, is really the loving mother her father had renounced years ago in Paris. Tender-hearted filmgoers, delighted at the family reunion, are not likely to inquire too closely into the circumstances of the separation. This is just as well, since the device of having the husband denounce his wife for infidelity because she goes three afternoons a week to teach the piano to a blind man, is certainly purity carried to excess.

Left: Twenty years pass. Germany threatens Poland and John, now bearded expert chemist Kessler, returns to America. Unrecognised by his wife Elizabeth (CLAUDETTE COLBERT) *he contacts the firm she works for, whose head Larry Hamilton* (GEORGE BRENT) *she has married. On the eve of World War II. she tells Larry that he is not the father of Drew, her eldest son. Right: Drew* (RICHARD LONG) *is found by his real father, now Kessler—who suspects the relationship—writing to Larry threatening to run away and join the C.R.A.F. John persuades Elizabeth to let the boy go with her blessing. Till his death John keeps his identity secret.*

WE TAKE OFF OUR HAT TO—

CAPTAIN WIKNER, for buying a family bomber as transport to Australia.

Off for a spin.

CAPTAIN GEOFFREY N. WIKNER, of Romsey, Hants., has bought a Halifax bomber to fly him, his wife and two children 13,000 miles to see his mother in Australia. Rather than wait a year for passages, this forty-one-year-old aircraft-designer applied to the Ministry of Aircraft Production, promising if they would sell him a surplus Halifax to tour Australia with it to show the folks a British warplane. The Ministry agreed, and Captain Wikner chose a bomber which has done fifty-one raids on Germany and Italy. Captain Wikner is an ex-A.T.A. pilot with 2000 war flying hours to his credit. With him will fly two co-pilots; two flight engineers; and there is room for fourteen passengers who want quick transport to Australia and will help to pay the cost of fuel, about £2000. The party will do the trip in easy daylight hops, leaving Hurn airport on March 1, via Marseilles, Tripoli, Shaiabah, Karachi, Calcutta, Rangoon, Singapore, Darwin. They will take food and a tent in case of a forced landing, and toys and games to amuse the excited children.

Left: Plotting their course: CAPTAIN *and* MRS. WIKNER, *with* VAL *and* CHRISTINE.

Outside the Round House at Romsey: doing up the garden.

An at-home session: a game of draughts—left; fairy story—right.

HEIRESS-PRESUMPTIVE TO HER FATHER'S PEERAGE.

THE HON. ROSEMARY ANN PORTAL, *twenty-two-year-old W.A.A.F. officer, may become a peeress in her own right. When Marshal of the R.A.F. Lord Portal of Hungerford (formerly Chief of the Air Staff) was introduced into the House of Lords last November, the letters patent read indicated that in default of male issue there was special remainder to Miss Portal with the style of Baroness Portal of Hungerford, and to her male heirs, and in default of such issue, to her younger sister. Lord Portal became a Viscount in the New Year's Honours List and received the O.M. It will be remembered that Field-Marshal Earl Roberts and Field-Marshal Viscount Wolseley were succeeded by daughters, and when the late Admiral of the Fleet Earl Jellicoe was in 1917 created a Viscount he had no son, and there was special remainder to his daughters; but the present Earl Jellicoe was born in 1918.*

PHOTOGRAPH BY BERTRAM PARK.

THE INFANTE DON JUAN, *Pretender to the Throne of Spain, was snapped at Gstaad. The official reason for his forthcoming visit to Lisbon is to see his "in-laws," but his representatives will meet those of General Franco.*

QUEEN VICTORIA EUGÉNIE *(formerly Princess Ena of Battenberg), widow of King Alfonso of Spain, recently spent some time in Gstaad with Don Juan; and enjoyed winter sports. She is a granddaughter of Queen Victoria.*

SWISS SNOW SCENE WITH FIGURES— INCLUDING VERY DISTINGUISHED "DISPLACED PERSONS."

A group in Swiss sunshine, consisting of PRINCESS RETHY, PRINCE BADOUIN, *the Belgian Crown Prince,* PRINCESS MARIE-MERCÈDES, *wife of the Infante Don Juan, formerly Princess Marie-Mercèdes de Bourbon-Siciles.*

PRINCESS RETHY, *second wife of King Leopold, is a keen sp where she was staying visible in the background a*

N.B. A Coloured plat

M. LÉON BLUM, *veteran French political leader, who was for some time imprisoned by the Nazis, has been enjoying a health-giving holiday at Montana, where he was snapped with* MME. BLUM.

PRINCESS ALY KHAN, *formerly the Hon. Joan Yarde-Buller (right), is one of the fortunate people who have been winter-sporting in Switzerland. She is the daughter-in-law of H.H. the Aga Khan.*

THE Infante Don Juan, pretender to the throne of Spain, and other members of the exiled Spanish Royal Family, have for some time been living in Switzerland. Much interest has been roused by the forthcoming visit of Don Juan to Portugal. He is renting a house there, and the official reason for his visit is to see Prince Don Carlos and Princess Maria-Luisa de Bourbon-Siciles, the parents of his wife. Permission, however, has been granted to him to fly over Spanish territory, and his representatives will have preliminary talks with General Franco. Don Juan, who was born in 1913, is the youngest son of the late King Alfonso and of Queen Victoria Eugénie. He is a grandson of Princess Beatrice, fifth daughter of Queen Victoria. He served as a midshipman in the British Navy from 1933-35 and was appointed Hon. Lieutenant in 1936. His marriage to Princess Marie-Mercèdes de Bourbon-Siciles took place in 1935, and they have four children. King Leopold of the Belgians and his second wife, Princess Rethy, took up residence in Switzerland last autumn. Prince Badouin, the Crown Prince, is the elder son of the late Queen Astrid and of King Leopold; and was born in 1930.

Dinner-table group at Gstaad, consisting of COUNTESS MARONE, *formerly the Infanta Maria Christina,* VISCOUNT JUAN OF ROCAMORA, PRINCESS MARIE-MERCÈDES, PRINCESS RETHY, INFANTE DON JUAN, QUEEN VICTORIA EUGÉNIE *and* COUNT ENRICO EUGENIO MARONE.

sportswoman, and was photographed at Gstaad with the chalet
and King Leopold have a house at Geneva.

nserted in this issue.

SIR HARTLEY SHAWCROSS, K.C., the Attorney-General, is the Chief British Prosecutor at the Nuremberg trial of the Nazi leaders. He was born in 1902, was educated at Dulwich College and abroad. He took First Class Honours in all legal examinations, including the first place in the Bar final, and was called to the Bar, Gray's Inn, in 1925. He became Recorder of Salford in 1941, and Regional Commissioner, North-Western Division, 1942; and when the Labour Government was formed he was appointed Attorney-General. LADY SHAWCROSS was Miss Joan Winifred Mather.

CAMERA PORTRAITS BY YEVONDE.

CHIEF BRITISH PROSECUTOR AT NUREMBERG AND HIS WIFE.

PAMELA BROWN.

PAMELA BROWN *has a dramatic part in Jan de Hartog's "Death of a Rat," a play with four characters which opened last week at the Lyric, Hammersmith. The setting is Amsterdam just before the German occupation. Alastair Sim, Robert Harris and Terry Morgan are in the cast. Pamela made her name in "Claudia" at the St. Martin's. She has played Ophelia to Robert Helpmann's Hamlet; the lead in Jean Jacques Bernard's "Madeleine"; and the lead in the film "I Know Where I'm Going."* [SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY GRANT MACDONALD.]

THIRTEEN-YEAR-OLD VIRTUOSO BLANCHETTE.

French interior : BLANCHETTE *at home plays the violin accompanied by her grandmother, a former pianist winner of a Prix du Conservatoire. Blanchette's professor,* M. RENÉ BENEDETTI, *listens.*

Her dolls make a good appreciative and silent audience.

They have to go to school too !

In London BLANCHETTE *tried out the ice on the frozen Round Pond in Kensington Gardens.*

AT thirteen, Paris violinist BLANCHETTE TARJUS is a great artist. She had a wonderful reception at the Stoll Theatre recently when she played Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto with the London Philharmonic Orchestra; she was recalled seven times, at the end of which she fled from the stage. She has a great sense of rhythm, note accuracy, and a very sweet quality of tone. Her intonation is always just, and she succeeded in imparting a wistful charm to the well-worn slow movement of the Concerto. Blanchette appears very rarely in public; but after her London appearance she played at Watford; and later at Leicester. Last July she won the 1er Prix of the Paris Conservatoire; a competent authority has even said that her playing at thirteen is in advance of Menuhin's at the same age. Blanchette is an unspoilt and charming child, and if she progresses as she promises to do, she should be in the class of truly great violinists. She is not the first musician of note in her family, as the Sax who gave his name to and invented the saxophone was her maternal great-grandfather.

BIOGRAPHY IN TECHNICOLOR: "THE DOLLY SISTERS."

*The Dolly Sisters, Jenny (*BETTY GRABLE*) and Rosie (*JUNE HAVER*) are still the Number One attraction at the Ziegfeld show when the United States enters the war in 1917.*

Dripping with costly feathers, elegant in their close-fitting gowns, BETTY *and* JUNE *are almost as alike as the celebrated vaudeville twins.*

The DOLLY SISTERS *themselves shimmer in the silver dresses of their Persian dance in the " League of Notions " at the New Oxford in 1921.*

IN Technicolor, with masses of glamour and glitter, a biographical film of the celebrated twins " The Dolly Sisters " has been made by 20th Century-Fox; is due at the Gaumont, Haymarket, and the Marble Arch Pavilion on January 27. Starting from the day when Uncle Latsie (S. Z. Sakall) and the two little girls in Hungarian peasant kit arrive in a New York restaurant fresh from Europe, it ranges over their joint careers all over the States and several other countries. Through Harry Fox (John Payne), Jenny's second husband, the " dancing stars of Budapest " are signed on by Hammerstein. From that point they hit stardom at the Ziegfeld Midnight Roof; later sign a contract for Paris. The 1914 war breaks out; Harry joins the U.S. Army in Germany. The Dolly Sisters give shows in New York, Paris, and London. Through thick and thin the Sisters will not leave each other, though it means divorce for Harry; but he and Jenny come together again in the end. The film is directed by Irving Cumming from the original screen play by John Larkin and Marian Spitzer.

*Skirts shortened, dresses modernised, the Sisters (*GRABLE *and* HAVER*) give a song-and-dance turn in a musical comedy.*

The return to the tragic house in New Orleans: Clio Dulaine (INGRID BERGMAN) *kneels by the stain of her father's blood, watched by her servants, mulatto Angélique* (FLORA ROBSON) *and dwarf Cupidon* (JERRY AUSTIN).

Clio, Angélique and Cupidon stand by the tomb of Clio's mother, Rita, who was ostracised and outlawed by the Dulaine family, though beloved by her father, the late Nicholas Dulaine, who could never marry her.

GARY COOPER, INGRID BERGMAN AND FLORA ROBSON IN "SARATOGA TRUNK."

Clio Dulaine creates a sensation by her beauty and by her extraordinary servants, the mulatto Angélique Pluton and the dwarf Cupidon. The small stature of the latter makes it possible for Clio to take refreshment in an unusual way!

Clint Maroon is dazzled by the beauty of Clio, but when he discovers that her scheme of vengeance against her father's family is nothing better than blackmail, they quarrel.

Clint Maroon embarks on a dangerous and extremely tough "commando" job—to retake the Saratoga Trunk line from the rival combine who have seized it. Little Cupidon, who adores him, manages to join the party.

"SARATOGA TRUNK," Warner Brothers' film version of Edna Ferber's novel, comes to the Warner Theatre, Leicester Square, on January 25. Clio Dulaine, beautiful daughter of Nicholas Dulaine and the woman he loved, but could never marry, returns from France to New Orleans, determined to avenge her mother, to capture a rich husband and live in respectability. She falls in love, however, with cowboy Clint Maroon. He goes to Saratoga Springs, saves the Trunk line for the railway financiers from a gangster team, and finds that he loves Clio, while she realises that Clint is the only man for her.

Clint and his gang of desperadoes from Texas save th Trunk line by a stiff hand-to-hand battle—but Clint ha been knocked out and only saved from death by the heroi Cupidon, who flung his small body on that of the prone gian

Clio, piratical beauty, determined to marry money although she is in love with Clint Maroon, goes to Saratoga and meets the millionaire railwayman Bartholomew van Steed (JOHN WARBURTON), *who falls for her at once.*

Beautiful Clio loves the tough Clint Maroon (GARY COOPER), *professional gambler and cowboy, but contemplates marriage with Bartholomew van Steed—provided that she can bring him to the proposal point.*

Clio is remarkably "tough," determined to catch a rich husband for herself—but she falls in love with handsome professional gambler Clint.

EDNA FERBER'S RAILROAD ROMANCE BEST-SELLER AS A SUMPTUOUS FILM.

Left: INGRID BERGMAN *in a period eighteenth-century costume with poudré hair in one of the sequences of "Saratoga Trunk," in which she plays the heroine, Clio Dulaine.*

Strange figures to enter a ballroom! The wounded Clint, carrying the heroic Cupidon, bursts into the dance to bring the news of the Saratoga Trunk victory—and Clio instantly leaves Van Steed and rushes to Clint's side.

Happy ending: Clint Maroon lies wounded in bed, while Clio Dulaine, no longer anxious to catch a millionaire, but only to watch over the man she loves, is bending over him, full of affectionate solicitude.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

By K. JOHN.

IN the world of fiction peace has not yet arrived; it rears its head for a moment, and then vanishes beneath the waves. And still the waves come on. That is to say, we are still being inundated with war novels; which is only natural, though it does not allow for the recoil of the human mind. There comes a moment when we want to read about something else—when we need what is called a thorough change. And then it is an effort to open another war book. But they go on appearing, and are not half so much alike as our fears anticipate. Though they require an effort, many of them repay it.

The Hound of Heaven.

"The Crater's Edge" is a kind of spiritual monologue. The battle has moved on, leaving in its wake a young soldier about to die. He is neither frightened nor in pain, but quite helpless, and drifting slowly, through the curious hours, to a conviction that his unknown wound is mortal; he has been left in this crater, shell-hole, or whatever it may be, as a lost man. So, in his loneliness and fixedness, he reviews the past—the short years that have come to nothing; the talent unfruitful; the love withdrawn that was to last for ever. He comes to see it all as God's work. The Hound of Heaven is implacable; he has been aware of the pursuit all his life, his aspirations and human loves have failed one by one, and now he is brought to bay. And so with the world; it will be hunted down through ages of suffering, till it turns to God.

Some such ending is required to match the vast finality of that bomb-crater. But Stephen Bagnall's hero is small. He is a sincere, petulant, argumentative undergraduate, and you feel that, in the Shakespearean phrase, he has not much blood. "He saw how empty a thing was fame . . . and he rejected it with no regrets, as easily as he denied all lust for power or riches. . . . Money bored him and power horrified him." These are the feelings of a sage, but, in the early twenties, they do rather suggest anæmia. Simon's love-affairs are attenuated by the same principle. On the other hand, he has no intellectual difficulty about religion, and his conflict hardly needed the setting of a world war. Yet the lonely bomb-crater and the young man facing death are a brave conception, sensitively followed out.

Against the Tide.

You could not find a more different war, a more different attitude to life, than those presented by Major Quayle. The young officer in "Eight Hours From England" is a man of action—too thoroughly a man of action to be daunted by complete failure. It is in the nature of things to go wrong. It is a soldier's duty to do his best with them. Defeat is only the signal to start again. And behind this lies the wider affirmative expressed haltingly by the Italian liaison officer: "I am always finding that life is something . . . something of wonderful. I *love* it. People I always see trying to be rich, and it has a good taste to be rich—but it has, too, a good taste to be poor. Neither is good and neither is bad; they are just different. . . . I think it is the same with victory and defeat."

Certainly John Overton's experience puts this doctrine to a severe test. He has been sent to Albania, in the new year of 1944, to help the resistance movements. He finds the right-wing Balli and the Communist partisans at each other's throats. He tries to bring them round to a common effort, without one glimmer of success, and grows to understand his predecessor's trick of shooting at all Albanians who came near him. He and his little group are driven from their base, isolated from their friends, chased about the mountains—reduced to such futility that you forget even what it was they were trying to do. And not a single German is a penny the worse. The wild country, the poor, half-savage mountaineers, the splendour and wretchedness of the whole scene are suggested vividly. The general chaos and frustration have the stamp of life, as decidedly as anything about the war I have come across. It should be a depressing story, for it gives one little reason to expect better days. Overton is a man of good will, but the rage of civil hatred completely baffles him; and very likely no one could have done more. Yet one can scarcely fail to take heart from his unshaken readiness to begin again—if not at that point, somewhere else. It seems a better kind of realism than the most enlightened despair.

Colonel Blimp at Home.

Mrs. Thirkell's war is, of course, well known to us, and with all its sameness must continue to be delightful. Once more we find the ladies and retired gentlemen of Barsetshire enduring restrictions with a plaintive or peevish heroism, while the young men are understood to be gleefully killing Germans off-stage. They simply hate not being in the fighting-line for a single moment, and their mothers echo this view. "Thou shalt be county" is still revered in Barsetshire as the first commandment, the observance or neglect of which will part sheep from goats on the Judgment Day. In Barsetshire all foreigners are comic turns, beginning with the French and reaching a climax of uncouth ferocity in the Mixo-Lydians. Barsetshire, in short, is the home of Blimp, the very heart of blimpery, but—the gallant Colonel always has the laugh on his side. Mrs. Thirkell perfectly well knows that her books are snobbish, reactionary and much alike; but what if they are? No one can deplore away her devastating humour, her genius for hitting social nails on the head, or the little quirk of charm that always comes off.

Yet perhaps "Miss Bunting" does reveal a slight change. The plot, as usual, is wafer-thin: a delicate girl improves under the care of the ideal governess, and a young woman's husband is missing in the Far East. Around these points of moderate interest, old and new acquaintances revolve in much the old style. But the county tone is, I think, a little shriller and more self-conscious, and yet the leading rôle goes to an upstart of the most shocking type. Readers of "The Headmistress" will not have forgotten Mr. Adams, the self-made man. In this volume he recurs with such vigour that he tends to sweep a brittle aristocracy off the stage. They look at him askance, they quail at the idea of "getting mixed up" with him, but he charges in, and down they go like ninepins. Obviously, the writer herself became aware that Mr. Adams was more fun, and far more of a person too, than his queasy neighbours; and she actually allows a real young lady to feel a *tendre* for him, which was perhaps excessive. But, of course, it won't do. The Adamses must be returned with firmness to "their own sort," or what will become of Barsetshire?

This decorative portrait of LADY STANLEY OF ALDERLEY *by Cathleen Mann (Lady Queensberry) is on view at an exhibition of her works at the Lefevre Galleries. She has thirty-five paintings in her show.*

Vintage Poison.

There is a world even more remote and soothing than the green pastures of Colonel Blimp, a world where neither peace nor war ever penetrates, and where murder and detection go on cosily though the heavens fall. I do not mean the crime novel, but the works of Agatha Christie. She alone, doubly unrivalled, has the art of the cosy murder, and of the murder which is never found out—though every time the reader, baited by her simplicity, may swear a deep oath not to be caught again.

Still, her level does, of course, vary, and "Sparkling Cyanide"—though there is genius in the very name—will not rank as one of her best. It always seems to me that in the interests of cosiness a village setting must be preferred to all others. Here the fatal dose is administered in a London restaurant. Beautiful Rosemary takes a drink of champagne at her birthday dinner and falls down dead. The verdict is suicide—she was depressed after influenza. And for many months it is left at that. Then George, her husband, comes to suspect foul play, and invents a trap for the murderer. He does not explain it, but it involves a second dinner in the same restaurant, at the same table, with the same party—George himself; Rosemary's young sister, Iris; two of Rosemary's attendant swains, with the wife of one of them; and George's efficient secretary, Ruth Lessing. George proposes a toast to the departed—and something happens; not what he planned.

Hercule Poirot does not figure on this occasion, and the void is filled inadequately by Colonel Race. But the real weak point is the solution. It is almost quite unexpected, yet we should at least have found out the criminal—and so far good. But the method, or the detail, will not hold water. No, not quite in the first rank. Yet even at her second-best this writer is a conundrum. How does she manage the human interest—always enough, and not a stroke more? How does she manage the red herrings, so that we never feel wholly lost, yet never arrive?

BOOKS REVIEWED.

The Crater's Edge. By Stephen Bagnall. (*Hamish Hamilton; 6s.*)
Eight Hours From England. By Anthony Quayle. (*Heinemann; 8s. 6d.*)
Miss Bunting. By Angela Thirkell. (*Hamish Hamilton; 10s.*)
Sparkling Cyanide. By Agatha Christie. (*Collins; 8s. 6d.*)

Sir Alexander Korda and Mr. J. Arthur Rank respectively contribute Foreword and Introduction to the British Film Yearbook, 1946 (21s. net), the first book ever published to deal exclusively with the British Film Industry and the people in it. It is a well-arranged work of reference, containing a Who's Who of actors, writers, producers, directors, cinematographers, composers and film companies, together with lists of films, casts, and so forth, and it is also a history of the rise and origin of the picture industry in this country. Mr. Peter Noble, who compiled it, is to be congratulated.

Pin-up Girl: No. 44. Esther Fernandez

ESTHER FERNANDEZ *is the leading star of her native Mexico, and a favourite throughout Latin-America. She went to Hollywood from Mexico to make her début in an American film as leading-lady for Alan Ladd in Paramount's new picture, " Two Years Before the Mast," which is having its première at the Carlton Theatre on January 31. This will be a gala affair, in aid of the Navy League, and is to be attended by H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent. Miss Fernandez plays Maria Domingues, beautiful Spanish heroine of the exciting sea story. She won Mexico's equivalent of Hollywood's Academy Award for her performance in the picture "Santa."*

PANIC.*

BY HARRY HEARSON.

CROUCHING beneath the overhanging turf of the bank, the stream swirling coldly about his legs, Harvard shivered as the vibrating thud of feet slowed down and ceased directly overhead. He could hear fast breathing, muttering, and the uncertain movements of a man casting about like a hound at fault.

He felt himself gripped again by the horror of living a nightmare, the sense of remorseless, impending doom into which he had been plunged when the shock of Rendell's face and the sound of Rendell's voice in the shrubbery had raised a forgotten spectre of the past to bring twenty years of success and happiness tumbling into ruin.

The nightmare continued with the resumed thudding of feet overhead, dwindling along the bank, and Harvard inched himself out from the overhang, gasping as the muddy bed of the stream plunged away from his feet. Peering cautiously along the tufted horizon of the bank curving away downstream, he caught a glimpse of his pursuer vanishing into the tree-trunks and undergrowth of a copse.

Harvard sank noiselessly into deeper water, and swam with a silent breast-stroke which carried him, drifting diagonally with the current, towards a wilderness of hawthorn bushes and tall sedges on the opposite bank.

Dragging himself cautiously out of the water into the shelter of the wild growth, he lay there breathing rapidly, and shivering with reaction in his first moment of security since the explosion of the revolver in his hand and the crackling noise of Rendell's body collapsing among the branches of the shrubbery had driven him to panic flight.

Peering between the blades of the sedges, Harvard saw that his pursuer had emerged from the copse and was standing irresolutely looking upstream. He had taken off his policeman's helmet and was mopping his brow with a large handkerchief.

The official helmet promptly scattered Harvard's sense of security and plunged him again into nightmare visions of criminal courts and a judge adjusting his black cap . . .

A movement across the water again drew his apprehensive eyes to the constable, who was casting back up the bank, peering at its edge as he came along.

The irony of Harvard's position twisted his face into bitter lines. Less than an hour ago he had been enjoying himself, with the zest of a boy, shooting rats with his revolver at a threshing of ricks at a nearby farm; now he was himself the quarry of a grimmer hunt.

He had been so cheerful too. He 'd bagged more than a dozen bolting rats—a feat which had reassured him that middle age had not destroyed his steadiness of hand and eye. He had come away foolishly pleased with himself, looking forward to a quiet evening with his wife, or perhaps a run round the coast in the car. He was headed for that same coast now, he reflected grimly—but for a different reason! . . .

It was on his way home from the rat-hunt that the thing had happened.

He was strolling along the shrubbery path leading to the inner garden when he heard his name spoken in a sneering voice. Twisting jerkily, startled into anger, he had instantly recognised Rendell, and the sharp face, with its narrow eyes and vindictive cast, had turned his anger to a cold fear. The only change he had noticed in that moment of shocked recognition was the curious bluish tinge of the man's face.

"That 's right," Rendell said with a grating chuckle. "I see you haven't forgotten your old pal. Doing nicely here, they tell me. This little set-up," his shifty eyes flickering over the laid-out grounds and the substantial house just visible through a belt of trees, "ought to be worth a bit to me. If I were to talk. . . ."

And Harvard, in a moment of awful clarity, had a mental vision of the whole of his successful life dissolving into a kaleidoscope of unhappy scenes involving his wife, his sons, and his friends.

Under the impact of this nightmare vision, Harvard's brain lost its capacity for reasoned thinking. It was instinct, not reason, that sent his right hand plunging into the pocket of his coat to come out again grasping his revolver. Almost simultaneously he saw Rendell's hand move swiftly, to appear with blue-grey steel in it, and Harvard jerked the trigger of his own gun, aimed over the man's head to scare him.

The noise of the explosion and the crashing of branches as Rendell's body disappeared from view acted like an application of ice to Harvard's heated brain, freezing it momentarily into a cold awareness of what he had done. There was a dead stillness among the bushes, from which one boot protruded motionless, and Harvard knew then that his eye, of whose steadiness he had been so proud only half an hour ago, had let him down. He had aimed to miss, but . . .

It was then that Harvard panicked.

Turning blindly, his only coherent thought the compulsion of getting rid of the revolver where nobody could find it, he ran down the path between the bushes towards the stream. As he scrambled through the hedge he heard a shout and caught a brief glimpse of blue uniform. It unsettled his reasoning again and drove him to running as he had not run for years, down the bank of the stream, doubling and turning among trees and bushes, with the noise of pounding feet growing fainter as he outpaced them . . .

Peering between the sedges screening him from the opposite bank, Harvard saw the constable come slowly to the overhang and begin to rummage around in the turf.

Edging himself cautiously backwards towards a gap in a nearby hedge, he squirmed through, ran doubled up along a ditch, and gained the stile into the lane. Climbing down to its stony surface, he began to drive himself up the steep, winding incline between the tall banks.

He was badly winded by the time he won the summit, where the lane petered out on to a stretch of downland sloping gently to the edge of the black cliffs.

Thank God there was no one about!

Harvard stumbled across the springy turf until only a narrow strip of land divided him from the immensity of sky and sea, and then, lying on his stomach, drew himself to the limit of the turf to gaze far down into the remote, angry surf boiling around the rocks.

Closing his eyes for a moment against a wave of vertigo, he felt blindly in his pocket, drew out his revolver with trembling fingers, and hurled it from him with all the strength he could muster.

He watched it curve outward and downward until it fell in a straight plummet, spinning and glinting in the lowering sun, getting smaller and smaller until, seemingly not much bigger than a chip of black metal, it hit the water with a momentary speck of white among a boiling cauldron of froth . . .

All of the tedious way back to the house Harvard saw that speck of spume as his one way of escape. Without the revolver they could not convict him . . . without the revolver they could not convict him . . . without the revolver they could not convict him . . .

And against that recurring background theme his brain sought to build up a supporting alibi for his bedraggled appearance.

Of course! He would say that he had been coming home from the rat-hunt, had heard a shot, had caught sight of someone running and had given chase. That was it . . .

And that was the story he told when he did reach home.

His wife was standing on the step talking to the constable, and brushed past him unceremoniously to run down the path.

"Thank goodness you 're all right!" she called to Harvard. "I thought—I don't know what I thought." Her hands were on his shoulders now, and he could feel them trembling. "That dreadful noise of a shot . . . and you not coming home at the usual time . . . and the body of a horrible man in the shrubbery holding a gun——"

"Body?" Harvard injected a startled note into his voice. "What body? I heard a shot as I came through the shrubbery, and saw a man running, so I chased him. Led me a hell of a dance too. Right down the valley. I lost him down beyond the copse, when I tripped over a root and fell into the stream. I climbed out the other side, and it 's taken me all this time to walk home again. Haven't been so winded for years."

A footstep on the gravel made him turn his head to find the constable at his shoulder. "Any clues?" Harvard asked him.

The policeman shook his head glumly. "Nothing on the body at all, Sir, and no means of identification. A complete stranger to this part of the world. His revolver hadn't been fired, either, so it was the other man who fired the shot. I 'd like to lay my hands on him—and on his gun!"

For an instant Harvard again saw that tiny speck of white as the black chip disappeared into the surging Atlantic waves, and he experienced an overwhelming sense of relief.

"I hope you will," he said.

"So do I!" The constable spoke expressively. "I suppose I 'll have to start by calling on all the people with revolvers around here, and then if one of 'em can't produce his gun we shall be getting somewhere, for the man who fired this shot would be sure to try and get rid of his revolver if he didn't want us to know." He coughed apologetically. "You 've got a revolver yourself, haven't you, Sir?"

Harvard momentarily felt the grip of panic again, but managed to control himself. He remembered all the people who had seen him using his revolver at the rat-hunt that afternoon.

"Why, yes," he said. "Of course I have. I must find it, and——"

"No hurry, Sir," the constable told him. "I 'll come round again to-morrow. I only hope," he added gloomily, "we find the man who fired the shot, and find out *why* he fired it. That 's the main puzzle." He took off his helmet to scratch his head. "Can't make it out at all," he lamented. "The police surgeon says the man in the shrubbery died of heart failure. There isn't a scratch on him."

Harvard felt himself go rigid and then begin to tremble. His wife and the constable were watching him with puzzled eyes. "I—I must have caught cold falling into the stream," he said, desperately striving to control his shivering. "I——"

The constable appeared suddenly contrite. "I shouldn't have kept you standing here, Sir," he apologised. "You should be indoors with dry clothes. I 'll be getting back to the station now." He put on his helmet and turned to go. "I 'll just look in to-morrow morning to check up on your revolver, Sir," he said, "and then you won't be bothered any more." THE END.

**All the characters and incidents in this story are imaginary.*

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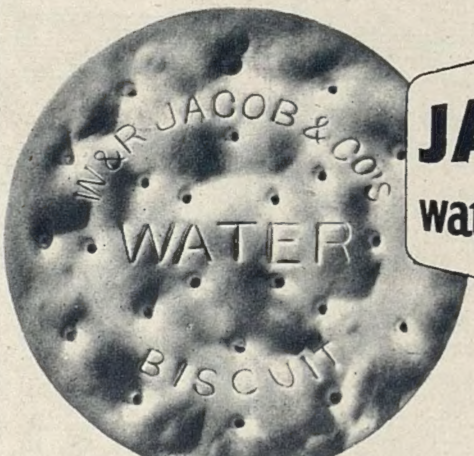

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